Let the Catalogue Stars Lead You to Ten Correct Titles

The Booklovers' Catalogue Points Out Ten of the Seventy-Seven Correct Book Titles.

Here's a secret:

1. The Booklovers' Contest Catalogue contains the seventy-seven correct contest titles, represented by the seventy-seven pictures.

2. And it points out to you ten of those seventy-seven correct titles.

3. Which really leaves you only sixty-seven titles for you to find by yourself.

Ever since the catalogue went on sale three days ago, contestants have been telephoning, asking and writing the question:

"What do those ten stars, set opposite ten titles in the catalogue mean?"

For three days that has been a mystery. But here's the answer to that question:

The ten stars indicate ten correct book titles—ten book titles which ten of the contest pictures were drawn to represent.

Of course, all the seventy-seven correct book titles are contained in the catalogue, somewhere among the 5,000 book titles. But only ten of them are shown for you. The other sixty-seven you will have to find for yourself.

You will not be told whether or not any of the pictures which represent the ten starred titles have appeared as yet. Perhaps one or two of them have. Perhaps not. Just go over the catalogue and make a list of the ten starred titles. Then compare this list with the eight pictures published thus far. Any of the pictures fit any of the starred titles?

The catalogue is a list of 5,000 book titles, arranged in alphabetical order. From this list the seventy-seven titles to be represented by the seventy-seven contest pictures were selected. Then the seventy-seven pictures were drawn to represent the seventy-seven chosen titles.

And ten of the seventy-seven titles were marked by having stars set opposite them in the catalogue.

This makes it a little easier for contestants, for it leaves them only sixty-seven book titles for them to cull out by themselves. And it provides a game within a game—the game of "fitting the stars to the pictures."

So the catalogue is doubly valuable to contestants. It contains all the seventy-seven correct titles, and points out ten of them.

You had better get into this jolly picture solving game right now, and get your slice of the fortune in awards. With the catalogue you will be given seven free certificates, redeemable free for the first thirty-five contest pictures. Each certificate is good for five successive pictures.

Certificate No. 1 may be redeemed right now for pictures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Certificate No. 2 will be redeemable after the publication of picture No. 10, for pictures 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Certificate No. 3 will be redeemable after the publication of picture No. 15, for pictures 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, and so on for all the certificates, which are good for the first thirty-five pictures.

Better get the back pictures free, and then get the balance of the pictures from The Times-Dispatch as they appear day after day. You can win that first prize—the $300 in gold.

To Keep Skin in Fine Condition in Summer

(From The Family Physician.)

It would be much better for the skin if little cream, powder or rouge were used during the heated term. Mixed with perspiration, dust and grime, these things are anything but beautifying. Ordinary mercolized wax will do more for the complexion, and without giving an oily, shiny, streaked, spotted or pasty appearance. It is the ideal application for the season, as it not only keeps the pores clean, but daily removes particles of scarf skin which have been soiled by dirt or weather. By constantly keeping the complexion clear, white and satiny, it does more toward perpetuating a youthful countenance than any of the arts or artifices commonly employed. One ounce of mercolized wax, obtainable at any drug-store, will completely renovate the worst complexion. It is applied at night like cold cream and washed off in the morning.

To keep the skin from sagging or wrinkling, or to overcome such condition, there's nothing better than a face bath made by dissolving 1 ounce powdered saxolite in ½ pint witch hazel.—Advertisement.

RICHMOND REMINISCENCES.

By Rev. R. B. Berkeley.

When a mere lad I made my first visit to Richmond. The old Southside Railroad had not then been finished to Farmville, so I drove through the country to take the "Richmond and Danville" at Burkeville, and I can never forget the impression upon my boy mind as I stood on the platform and watched the little train puffing and pulling up to the depot. The smokestack, nowadays not much larger than the ordinary stovepipe, looked like a moving hogshead, while its capacious throat emitted burning sparks of pine, large and luminous. The coach I entered was cramped and low, hardly allowing a six-footer to stand erect, and the seats were as hard as the benches of the schoolrooms of that day. I do not just recall how often the train stopped between Burkeville and Richmond to take on pine wood with which to feed the engine, nor just how long it took the lazy throwers to fill the tender. The rails were of bars of iron nailed to parallel wooden stringers, and it was jostle from start to finish. On reaching Richmond, I was landed at a small wooden depot at the end of the bridge spanning the James, and as the train stopped bedlam broke loose. The lusty lungs of packmen and porters gave out vigorous sounds and discordant notes. I yielded, however, to the persuasions of the porter of the "Old Columbian," a famous hostelry of that day, located on Cary Street, and, as I remember, about Twelfth. Memory fails to revive much of the building or its environments, but I can never forget the dining-room. As I entered it, I found a long table, stretched from end to end of the capacious room, and literally groaning beneath the weight of creature comforts. Huge dishes of old ham, barbecued lamb, Brunswick stew, fried chicken, with the regulation brown, with all the vegetables of the season, and "pies and things." The genuine Jackson watermelons, cut into fancy shapes, stood on their ends, the table over, and as I gazed upon the red and tempting meat, my heart felt a thrill of new joy. I have been to Richmond often since, and sat at many tables, and gathered with guests around banqueting boards, but I have never yet looked upon a table like that, nor do I ever expect to look upon its like again.

Some years after I went again to the capital city and registered at the Exchange, which had then been connected with the Ballard House by a bridge. The late Colonel Carrington, "mine host", peerless and princely, was in command, and never under any hotel roof gathered more of the beauty and chivalry of Virginia. Some ready and gifted writer should put on record the history of those married hostelries. I refrain from the task and content myself with giving one ludicrous incident from a supper scene, the dining-room then being in the Ballard House, the custom being to exchange dining-rooms from time to time. I sat at the table with a number of young Democrats from this section of the State, who were there attending a convention of the party. Among the number was a brilliant young lawyer from the County of Charlotte, who, when he tackled the beefsteak, experienced some difficulty in cutting it with a silver knife. Colonel Carrington was in the room at the time, as was his custom, to see that guests were properly and promptly waited upon. The embryo politician, seeing him standing some distance from the table at which we sat, called to him loudly to come that way. The dignified and courtly colonel responded at once, and was shocked when the young man said to him, so that others could hear, "Colonel, if you'll have this beefsteak sawed into convenient shapes, I think I can 'chaw' it, but I will be d——d if I can cut it with this here knife." The colonel blushed, but the laugh was on, and he had to take his medicine.

Another political incident, immensely ludicrous at the time, has lost none of its uniqueness with me as the days have come and gore. Two political conventions were in session in the city at the time and representatives of the opposing parties met in an all-night saloon near the Exchange, in the early hours of the morning. The Republican began to badger the Democrat and predicted sweeping victory for his party and added, "I am ready to back my judgment with the cool cash." He then pulled from his pocket a five dollar bill, and laid it, with an air of triumph upon the table, and said, "I'll bet you that amount that we'll carry the Ninth District by 5,000 majority." The Democrat protested that he did not care to bet, but the Republican continued to nag him, until he pulled from his pocket a large roll of money, all new notes, and bound with a rubber band, and most of the notes were of large denominations. As he unloosed the band, the notes began to swell, until it looked to me that there was a pack of money on the table. In explanation of the fact that so large an amount of money was in the pocket of the Democrat, I must add that during the day, he had drawn the money from bank, and was careless enough to keep it upon his person. When the Republican "braggadocio" saw that a veritable bank had been opened in his very presence, he withdrew his measly five dollar bill and said no more about betting. I at once got busy to hustle my friend from the room for fear that some desperado would get his money, even at the cost of his life. We slept together in the same room at the Exchange that night, and I must confess that it was a restless night, or rather the fragment of a night, for it was well-nigh daybreak when we retired, as I thought of that large amount of money being in the room with us.

My first experience in a Richmond theatre was when Maggie Mitchell was the bright particular star. I saw her at "sweet sixteen" and then at sixty, and though Ponce de Leon failed to find the "Fountain of Youth," Maggie had not. On one occasion I heard the Riching's Opera troupe, and on the next morning, which was Sunday, I listened to four of the leading singers of the troupe in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, the building then fronting Capitol Square, the pastor being the late gifted and eloquent T. V. Moore, D. D. He had as his text on that occasion, "Take heed that your flight be not in the winter time," and the sermon that followed was of rare eloquence and power, while the singing of the members of that opera troupe moved upon all hearts and stirred the depths of emotion. I have heard the "Long Meter Doxology" sung all my life, but never as it was rendered on that occasion.

Speaking of Richmond churches, reminds me of venerable and venerated "St. Paul's," whose towering and graceful steeple, charmed me as boy, and continued to charm so long as it pierced mid-heaven. Pity that prudence required its pulling down, for no such spire ever lifted its head heavenward, so far as I know.

While Dr. Moore was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, the Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D., was pastor of the Second, and his afternoon services were attended by parties of all religious creeds, and many of no decided religious belief. On one afternoon one of Richmond's most brilliant lawyers went to hear Dr. Hoge preach, but unfortunately the doctor was absent from the city, and a stranger occupied the pulpit. As the lawyer left the building, he remarked to a friend, that St. Paul is quoted as saying, "The foolishness of preaching will save the world," but that he felt satisfied that the "preaching of foolishness is of service to no one." Evidently he was not pleased with the sermon just heard.

The last time I met with "Frank" Cunningham at the banqueting table, he sang as only "Frank" could sing, and when I tendered my congratulations, he gave me this page from his life's history. "This morning I sang at the sickbed of a dying girl, this afternoon I sang by an open grave in Hollywood, and here to-night I am singing at a banquet. This is my experience day by day." And surely no man ever sung his way into as many hearts as did this sweetest of singers. How often have I heard him in the choir of the First Baptist Church, and though eloquent men occupied the pulpit, no sermon ever moved upon the audience as did the songs of this immortal singer. "Glean clean his grave, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; tread lightly upon his ashes, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother."

OGDEN MILLS LEAVES PICTURESQUE SEAT

New Yorker Has Taken Famous Theobald's Park, Near London.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

MR. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, of New York, may be congratulated on securing through lease from Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, possession of Theobald's Park, one of the most picturesque and interesting country seats within easy motoring distance of London. It is situated on the borders of Hertford and Essex, was a favorite shooting lodge of James I., the estate even to this day swarming with game, especially pheasants, while the scenery is of the most picturesque and countrified character. The house standing on the site and foundations of King James's Palace, is comparatively modern, of red brick, devoid of any architectural pretensions, but it is extremely comfortable and up-to-date in every respect, with fine stables, large garages, Turkish baths, real tennis courts, etc. A description of the old royal palace will be found in "The Fortunes of Nigel," by Sir Walter Scott, and many of the relics of the old palace are still preserved in the more modern mansion.

The feature of the property, however, is old Temple Bar, which forms the entrance to the park from the high road along which in former times the mail coaches used to ply between Cambridge and London. No one knows the exact age of this wonderful old gate, which figured for so many hundred years at the Fleet Street and Strand entrance to the city of London. But it was already in existence in 1300.

It is built of Portland stone, the gray tint of which was changed into a dull, drab black by London smoke and grime. Composed of a large central arch for vehicular traffic, and two small arches on either side for foot passengers, it was damaged by the great fire of London in 1666, and was rebuilt four years later with the utmost care, and with the original material, and, according to the original design, by Sir Christopher Wren. In niches over the central gate he, however, placed statues of Charles I. and Charles II., in the garb of Roman Senators, and of James I. and Queen Elizabeth.

From the time of its reconstruction, in accordance with the original design, until 1877, the large room over the central arch was rented by the city to Messrs. Child, the famous bankers, whose offices adjoined Temple Bar, and who used it as a store room for their old account books. There it was that were preserved until 1877 the private account books of Charles II., as well as ledgers which told of the transactions of his favorite, Nell Gwyn (through him the ancestress of the Dukes of St. Albans), of his cousin, Prince Rupert, son of the King and Queen of Bohemia, and of the immortal Pepys.

When Temple Bar was torn down in 1877, in order to meet the needs of increasing traffic, and to admit of easier access to the new law courts, the stone statues and gates were purchased by the late Sir Henry Meux, owner of the famous Meux brewery. He had each stone carefully numbered, and then caused them all to be conveyed to his country place, Theobalds Park, and the gate reconstructed in its exact original form at the main entrance to his property. Set off by the grand old trees around it and by its background of verdure, it is seen to infinitely greater advantage than when in the Strand. But one looks in vain for the spikes above the central arch, on which the heads of decapitated traitors were exhibited, until age and weather caused them to fall from the iron barbs by which they had been held aloft.

Talking of the late Lady Meux, one cannot help recalling a certain amount of resemblance between her will and that of Sir John Murray Scott, which has been the subject of so sensational a lawsuit between his brothers and sisters, and Lord and Lady Sackville. As in the case of Sir John Murray Scott, Lady Meux left the bulk of her property to people who were in no way related to her, and, like him too, was constantly during the last ten years of her life threatening expectant legatees to cut them out of her will. Thus, she left Theobalds Park, her superb jewels, and the bulk of her property, to Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton, the sailor brother of Lord Durham, who had played so notable a role in the defense of Ladysmith during the Boer War, stipulating, however, that he should adopt the name and arms of Meux, in lieu of the historic name of Lambton. She scarcely knew him, and the bequest was more in token of admiration for his services to Ladysmith, and of a mere chance piece of gracious civility on the part of his wife, who was the widow of the late Viscount Chelsea.

At one time Lady Meux, who had been a music hall divette prior to her marriage, had decided to bequeath all her property to the Earl of Essex, who was the nearest living relative of her husband, and in those days she bestowed some valuable pecuniary gifts on his American wife, who was Miss Adele Grant, of New York; gifts amounting all told to about $100,000. But Lady Essex did something to offend her, and, accordingly Lord Essex was cut off with a legacy of under $15,000.

At another moment Lady Meux had promised to bequeath everything to Mrs. Hwfa Williams, wife of the principal proprietor and creator of the Sandown Park race course, and aunt of Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, of New York. But Mrs. Hwfa Williams offended her, and in consequence thereof got a legacy of only $30,000.

At still another period of her existence, Lady Meux had named Cicely Gordon as the sole heiress of all her great wealth. Cicely Gordon was the daughter of that American-born Lady Granville Gordon who created so great a sensation by abducting her own child, disguised as a boy, to France, when the divorce court of London ordered her to surrender the girl to her first husband, Eric Christian Gordon, who had divorced her, naming his cousin, Lord Granville Gordon, as corespondent. Cicely Gordon apparently did nothing to forfeit Lady Meux's affection. But when Lady Meux's will was opened, it was found that Cicely had been cut off with an annuity of $1,000 a year.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who merely had a bowing acquaintance with the late Lady Meux, received from her the bequest of the sword worn by Admiral Lord Nelson at the battle of the Nile and at the battle of Trafalgar; while the famous necklace given by Nelson to the notorious Emma, Lady Hamilton, favorite model of the painter Romney, and wife of the British envoy to the court of Naples at the beginning of the nineteenth century—a necklace consisting of three rows of large and perfect pearls, the clasp being a wonderful contrivance of sky-blue enamel set with diamonds, a miracle of the jewelers' art—was left by Lady Meux to the daughter of Lady Lambton by her first husband, Lord Chelsea.

Among the military and naval convicts at Lewes, in Sussex, England, there are a dozen men who, no matter how excellent their conduct, will never recover their liberty, differing in this respect from the ordinary life-term convicts, who usually receive tickets of leave—that is to say, parole—after twenty-one years. One of the reasons for this is that they have been officially reported as dead. They consist of five officers and seven noncommissioned officers and privates, not of the regular army, nor even of the militia or yeomanry, but of the irregular levies raised in South Africa during the Boer War thirteen years ago. They were caught aiding the enemy to smuggle ammunition through the British lines.

The sentence of the court-martial, condemning them to be shot, was commuted by Field Marshal Lord Roberts to life imprisonment. At the same time, he caused their names to be inserted in the official returns as having succumbed to enteric fever.

After Lord Roberts had turned over the command in chief to Kitchener, the latter had to deal with a batch of similar cases, three of the culprits being deserters who had been captured fighting in the Boer ranks. Kitchener was less merciful than Roberts. He confirmed the decree of the court-martial, and had them shot. That their relatives might be spared the odium of their disgrace, he caused their deaths to be officially reported as due to enteric fever.